



the

HAWK



No. 2
SUMMER

Scourge of Desert Badmen

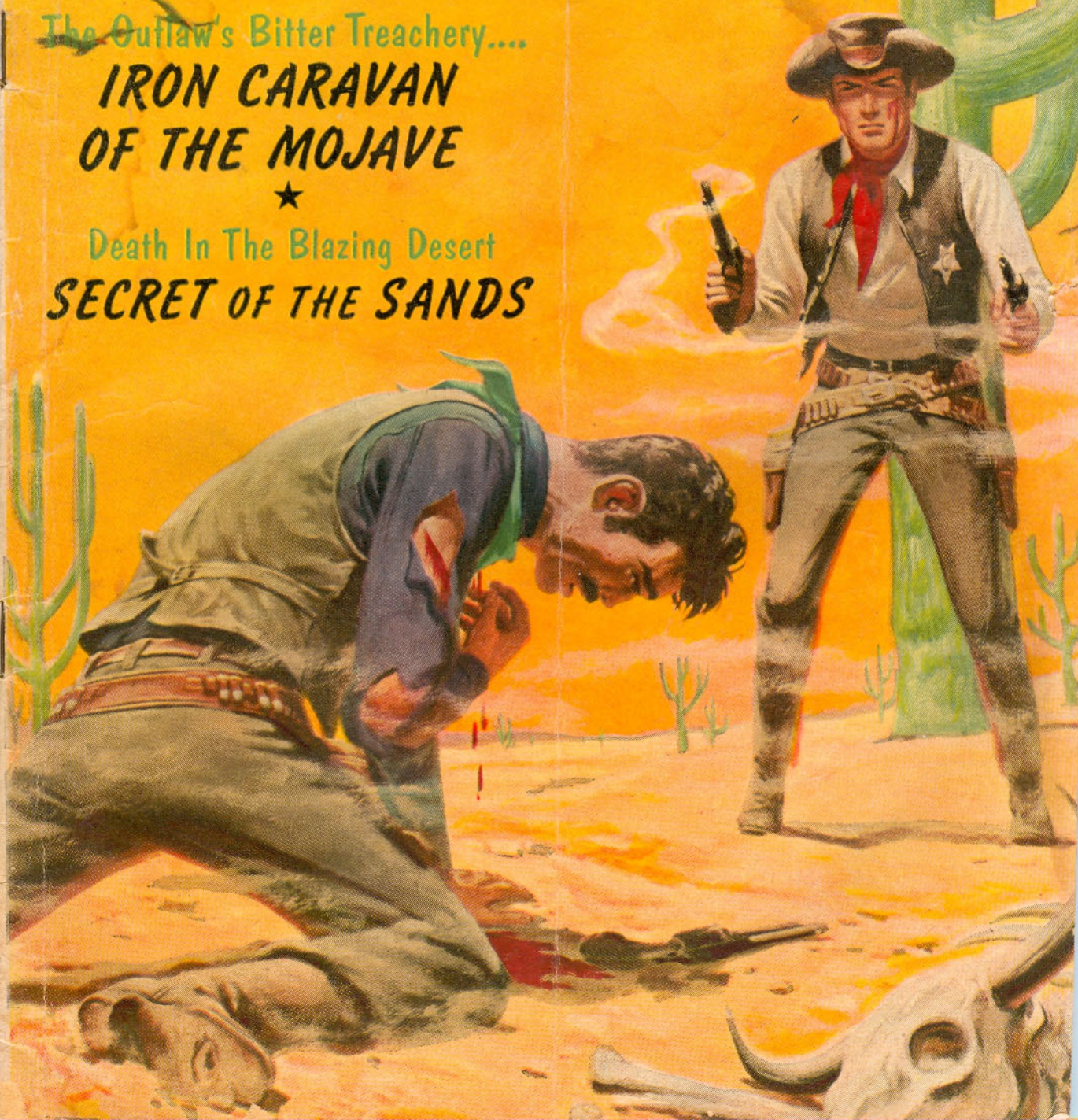
10c

The Outlaw's Bitter Treachery....

IRON CARAVAN OF THE MOJAVE



Death In The Blazing Desert
SECRET OF THE SANDS





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HE STRIKES WITH THE SPEED AND ACCURACY OF THE HUNTING FALCON, WITH THE GRIM SILENCE OF THE BIRD OF PREY AFTER WHICH HE IS NAMED! HE IS --

The HAWK

AN OLD PROSPECTOR, IS FLEEDED OF THE GOLD HE CARRIES WHEN TWO CROOKED GAMBLERS USE A MARKED DECK TO CHEAT HIM — AND THE HAWK EXPLODES INTO ACTION! A GRIM TRAIL OF DEATH AND ROBBERY STRETCHES ACROSS THE DESERT WASTES OF THE SOUTHWEST, BEFORE THE HAWK RIPS AWAY THE VEIL SHROUDING THE --

SECRET OF THE SANDS!



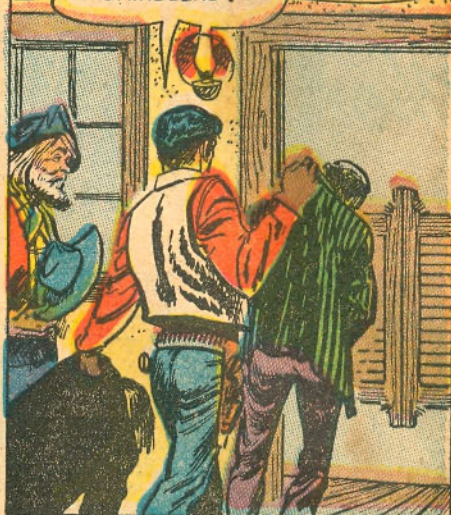
I KNOW ENOUGH NEVER TO
TAKE MY EYES OFF VARMINTS
LIKE YOU! I HAD YOU SPOTTED
IN THAT **MIRROR** ALL
THE TIME!



BE GLAD IT'S YOUR **GUN**
I'M AIMING FOR, HOMBRE!



A WORD OF ADVICE TO BOTH OF YUH!
THE CLIMATE IN THESE HYAR PARTS
IS MIGHTY UNHEALTHY FOR CROOKED
GAMBLERS!



GET OUT OF THIS TERRITORY—
AND **STAY** OUT!



MOST OF YOUR
DUST SPILLED,
OLD TIMER! BUT
AT LEAST, THOSE
TWO-LEGGED
SIDEWINDERS
DIDN'T GET
IT!

SHUCKS, HAWK!
THAR'S **LOTS**
OF THAT
STUFF BACK
IN THE CLAIM
I GOT STAKED
OUT!



COME SUNUP, I'LL BE HITIN' THE
TRAIL FER THEM HILLS! RECKON
THEY'RE A LOT SAFER FER ME
THAN TOWNS!

A GOOD IDEA,
DUSTY!
ADIOS!



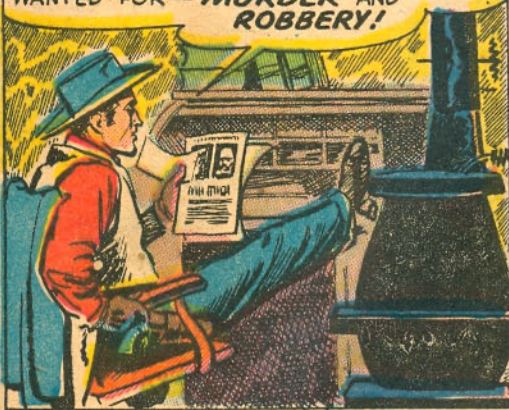
THE NEXT
MORNING
ON A
NEARBY
BLUFF
OVERLOOKING
THE TOWN
TRAIL—
THE TWO
GAMBLERS
WATCH
FOR OLD
DUSTY—

THERE HE GOES! ALL WE GOT TO DO IS FOLLOW THE
OLD COOT AND WHEN HE REACHES HIS CLAIM— TAKE
HIS GOLD DUST AWAY FROM HIM!



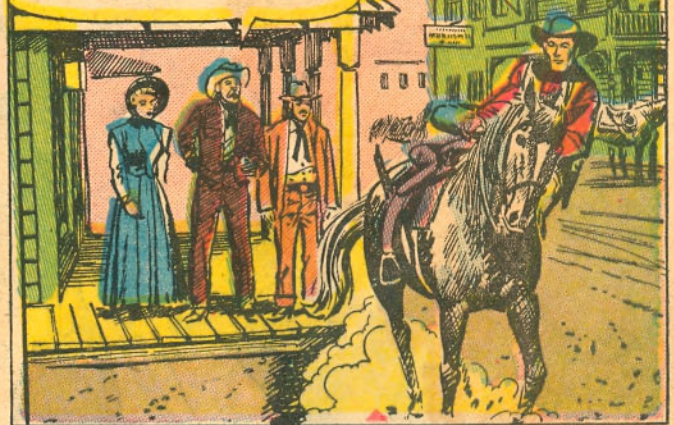
SOME HOURS LATER, AS THE HAWK OPENS HIS MAIL—

HULLO! REWARD DODGERS! THOSE TWO GAMBLERS I KICKED OUT OF THE FEDERAL QUEEN LAST NIGHT ARE WANTED FOR—**MURDER AND ROBBERY!**

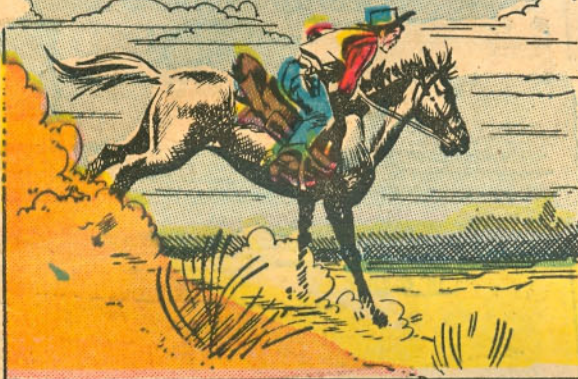


THOSE GAMBLERS! PASSED 'EM COMING INTO TOWN THIS MORNING! THEY WERE HEADING UP INTO THE BLANCO DURO MOUNTAINS!

ONLY ONE PLACE UP THAR THAT'D INTEREST THEM!



OLD DUSTY HAS HIS GOLD CLAIM UP THAR! THOSE BAD HATS SAW HIS POKE LAST NIGHT—PROBABLY SAW HIM LEAVE TOWN—AND SASHAYED AFTER HIM!



AHEAD OF THE FAST-TRAVELLING HAWK...

YOU TWO! WHAT IN TARNATION YOU HOMBRES DOIN' 'WAY UP HERE?—

WE'LL SHOW YOU—



SAVVY NOW?

OWWW!



WHEN YOU GET **TIRED** OF THIS—TELL US WHERE YOU'VE **HID** YORE **GOLD!**

SPLATT! SPLATT!



AGAIN AND AGAIN, WITH NUMBING SAVAGERY, THE HAND LIFTS AND FALLS, NUMBS AND BATTERS—

NO MORE! I'LL **TELL...!**



HARD, BRUISING BLOWS BEAT DUSTY TO HIS KNEES, SICK AND SHAKEN, HE CROUCHES HELPLESSLY AS A SIXGUN SLIDES FROM ITS HOLSTER...



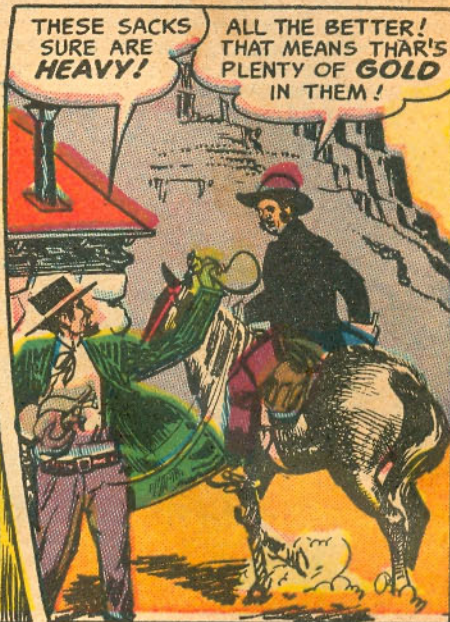
**GOLD IN SACKS...
IN CABIN...**

**THAT'S ALL WE
WANT TO KNOW!**

BLAMM!

**THESE SACKS
SURE ARE
HEAVY!**

**ALL THE BETTER!
THAT MEANS THAR'S
PLENTY OF GOLD
IN THEM!**



**WE'LL HIT FOR THE PAINTED
POST DESERT OUT TOWARD
THE ZUMA COUNTRY... JEST
IN CASE THE HAWK COMES
VISITIN' THE OLD PROSPECTOR!**

**RIGHT! WE'LL CUT
ACROSS IT, AND
HEAD NORTH! THE
HAWK'LL NEVER
FIND US—EVEN
IF HE DOES
CONNECT US WITH
THE OLD MAN'S
CORPSE!**

**THE DESERT IS LIKE A GIANT MOUTH, STRETCHING
WIDE FROM HORIZON TO HORIZON, TO SWALLOW
ALL WHO SETS FOOT ON ITS BLAZING SANDS...**



**IT IS A LIVING FURNACE OF HEAT AND THIRST!
MAN AND HORSE BROIL SLOWLY IN THE BROILING
SUN AND BLISTERING SAND! THEN... THE
TERRIFYING MENACE OF THE DENIZENS OF THE
DESERT...**

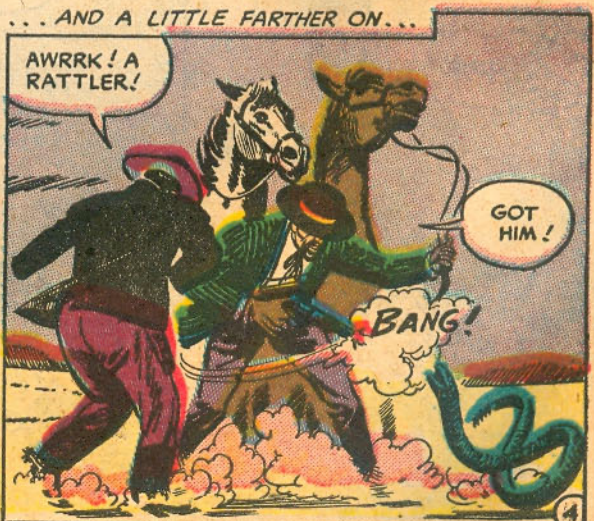
LOOK OUT! A GILA MONSTER!

... AND A LITTLE FARTHER ON...

**AWRRK! A
RATTLER!**

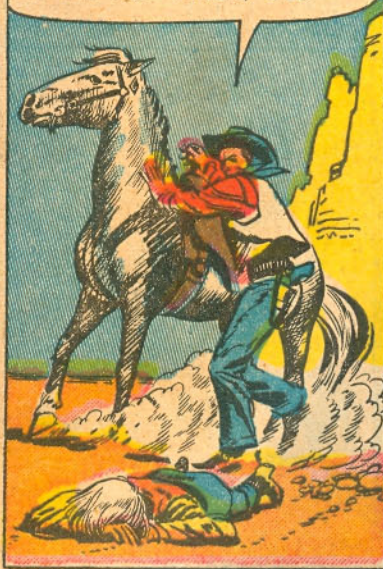
**GOT
HIM!**

BANG!



MEANWHILE—

BY THUNDER, IF THOSE OWLHOOTS HAVE DONE IN THE OLD TIMER, I'LL—



DUSTY! YOU'RE ALIVE!

JEST ABOUT, HAWK! THEM FELLERS REALLY GAVE ME A GOOD GOIN' OVER! THEY COME PURTY NEAR TUH FINISHIN' ME!



UNDER THE HAWK'S QUICK BUT CAREFUL DOCTORING, THE OLD PROSPECTOR RECOVERS HIS FIERCE SPIRIT—

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, OLD TIMER. JEST A FLESH WOUND!

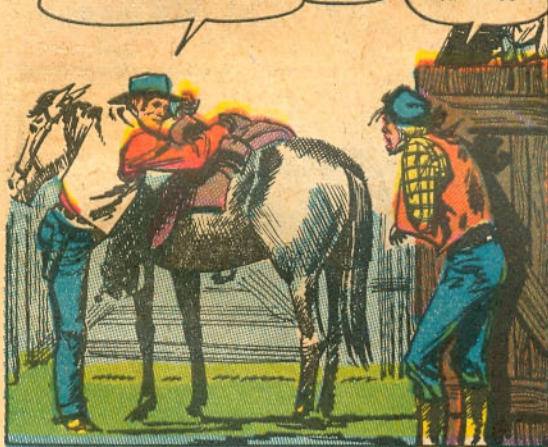
TAKES MORE'N A COUPLE O'CROOKED GAMBLERS TO MAKE ME CASH IN MUH CHIPS! HEH! HEH! LISTEN, HAWK, I GOT SOMETHIN' TO TELL YUH!



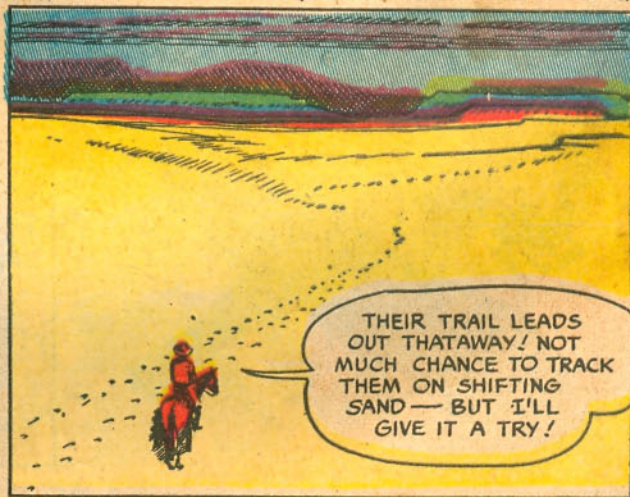
IN A LITTLE WHILE...

SO LONG, DUSTY! I'M AFTER THOSE TWO THIEVIN' RATS!

GOOD LUCK, HAWK!



AND SOME HOURS LATER, ON THE RIM OF THE DESERT..

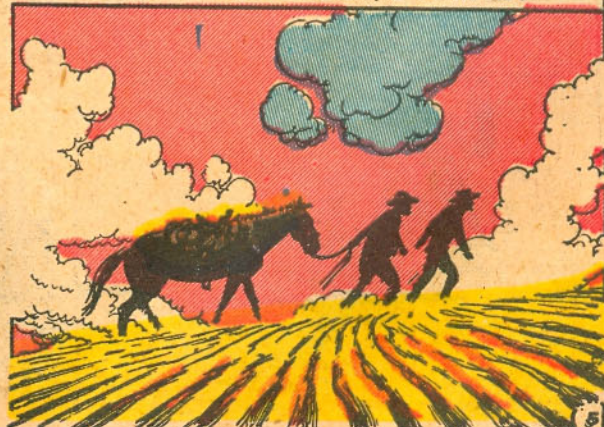


THEIR TRAIL LEADS OUT THATAWAY! NOT MUCH CHANCE TO TRACK THEM ON SHIFTING SAND— BUT I'LL GIVE IT A TRY!

MILES AHEAD OF THE HAWK, THE FIERCE DESERT-SUN CLAIMS ITS FIRST VICTIM...

ON AND ON, ENDLESSLY, THE SAND STRETCHES! FEET MOVE CLUMSILY, PLOWING ON ETERNALLY... TWO MEN AND A HORSE STAGGERING FORWARD.

LET YOUR BRONC CARRY THE GOLD, JIM! WE'LL HAVE TO—WALK!



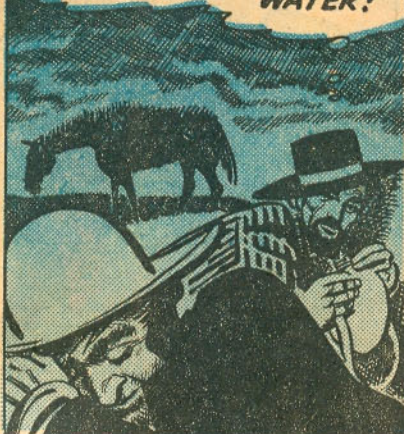
THE TONGUE SWELLS THICKLY! THE CRAVING FOR WATER BECOMES UNBEARABLE...

EASY, SLICK!
THAT WATER'S GOT TO **LAST**
US!



ONLY THE NIGHT BRINGS RELIEF, AND HIDES THE GREED THAT DISCOLORS THE SOULS OF EVIL MEN...

HE WON'T SEE
ME... GOT TO HAVE THIS
WATER! TONGUE SO **THICK**...
HARD TO TALK... NEED THIS
WATER!



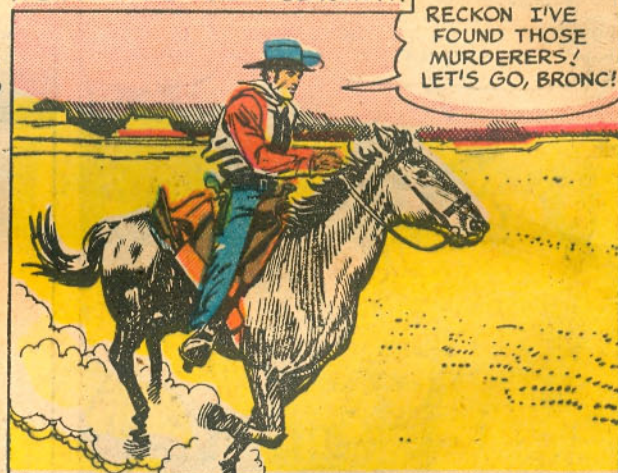
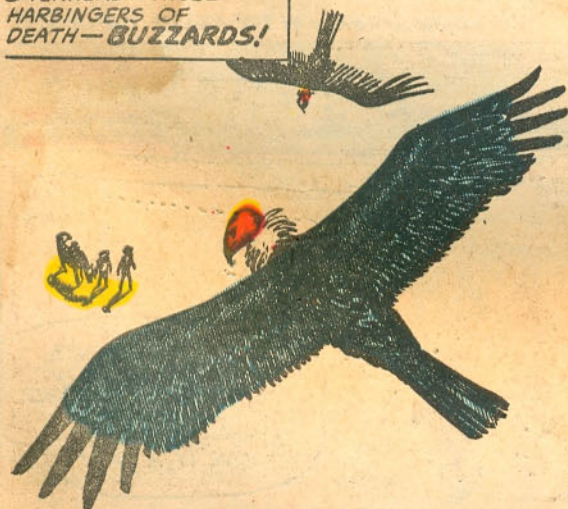
SAND! HEAT! THE SUN LIKE A WEIGHT ON A MAN'S BACK! THIRST SO DESPERATE IT TURNS A MAN'S TONGUE BLACK! AND THEN—

JIM—LOOK!



OVERHEAD—THOSE
HARBINGERS OF
DEATH—**BUZZARDS!**

TO KEEN EYES SEARCHING THE VAST SANDY WASTE, THE BUZZARDS ARE A BEACON...



RECKON I'VE
FOUND THOSE
MURDERERS!
LET'S GO, BRONC!

AS THE MEN MOVE, SO MOVE THE FEATHERED SCAVENGERS... AND THEN HEAT BREEDS WILD FANCIES IN A FEVERED BRAIN...

GOLD—
GOLD! WITH PLENTY OF GOLD I'LL
BUILD A CASTLE WITH A FOUNTAIN
OF WATER IN EVERY
ROOM! I'LL HAVE
A HUNDRED
SERVANTS!
FIFTY HORSES!



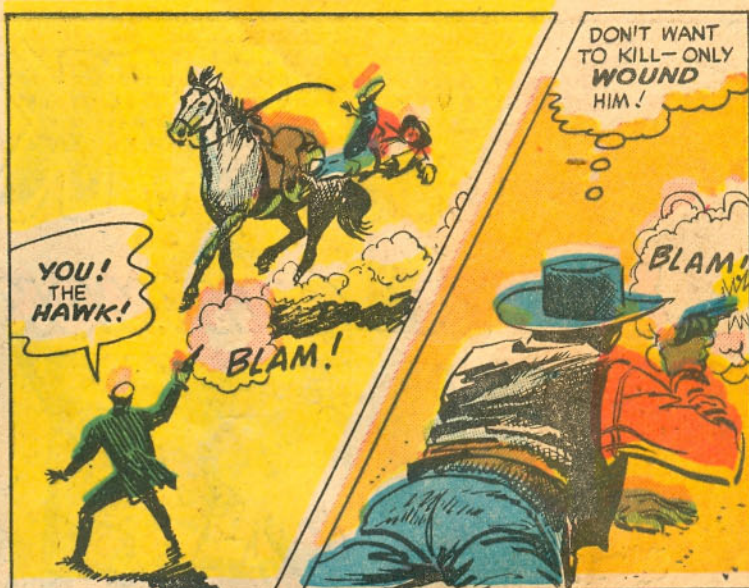
BUT TO LIVE THAT WAY I'LL NEED **ALL** THE GOLD! AND THE ONLY WAY OF GETTING **ALL** THE GOLD IS BY—KILLING **YOU...!**



BLAMM!

A LONE, WITH THE BULGING SACKS
CLASPED TIGHT AGAINST HIS CHEST,
THE GAMBLER STAGGERS ON...

I'M DREAMING! I CAN HEAR A
HORSE... RUNNING IN THE SANDS...



DON'T WANT
TO KILL— ONLY
WOUND
HIM!

YOU!
THE
HAWK!

BLAM!

BLAM!

THE HAWK'S BULLET
HITS A PRECIOUS
SACK... AND FOR
AN INSTANT, THE
GAMBLER'S EYES
BULGE WITH DUMB
AMAZEMENT... HIS
BREATH WHISTLES
IN HIS THROAT!

S-S-SAND! N-NOT **GOLD**
DUST IN THESE SACKS!
SAND!!!



MANICAL LAUGHTER BUBBLES FROM THE GAMBLER'S
THROAT AS HE LIFTS HIS GUN! BUT THE HAWK
MOVES WITH JARRING SPEED!

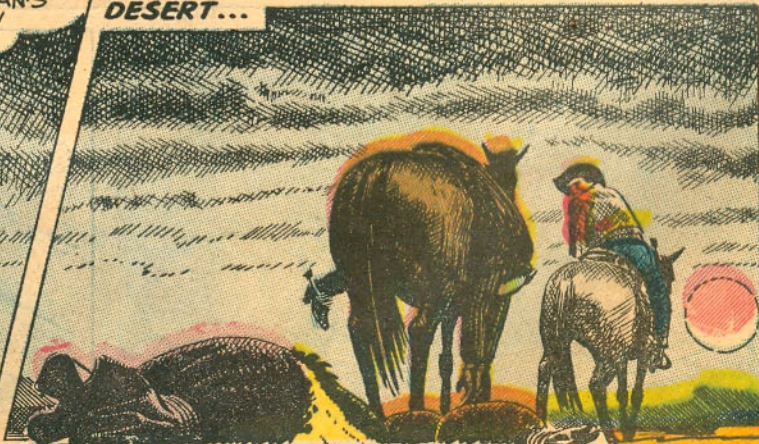
SAND THAT
DUSTY ALWAYS KEPT IN HIS SHACK—
IN CASE A SIDEWINDER LIKE **YOU**
EVER TRIED TO **ROB** HIM!



ONE MORE RIDE ACROSS THE DESERT FOR
YOU KILLER, AND THEN THE HANGMAN'S
NOOSE!



FOR THIS, A MAN DID MURDER! FOR THIS, HE MUST DIE!
FOR A SACK OF **SAND**— HALF EMPTY— LYING IN THE
DESERT...



THE END



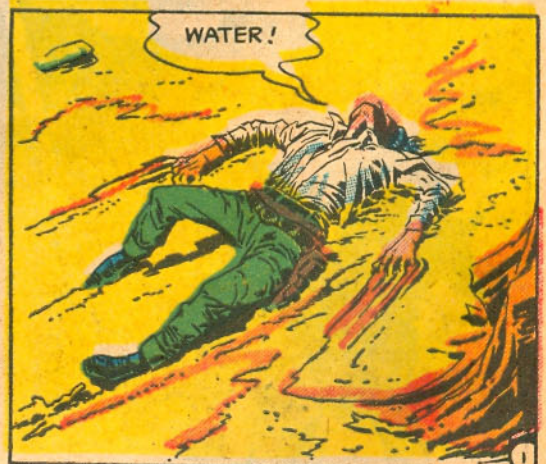
the HAWK

in DESERT GUNSMOKE

IN THE DESERT COUNTRY, WHERE WATER IS PRECIOUS AS BLOOD, THE SMALL RANCH OWNERS STRUGGLE! FOR THEIR VERY EXISTENCE AGAINST THE GREED AND RUTHLESSNESS OF CATTLE BARON JEFF DRISCOLL! AND WHEN DRISCOLL'S BRUTAL TACTICS ARE CHALLENGED BY A LONE GIRL, IT BECOMES **THE HAWK'S** FIGHT, AND BULLETS MINGLE WITH...
"DESERT GUNSMOKE"



SOMEWHERE IN THE SPRAWLING DESERT, A LONE FIGURE STUMBLES ACROSS THE BARREN SANDS...



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...

I'M WORRIED, SLIM! GRAMPS WENT OUT TO THE WATER-HOLE TWO HOURS AGO. DO YOU RECKON THAT DRISCOLL...

I WOULDN'T PUT ANYTHIN' PAST JEFF DRISCOLL, MIZ' BARBARA! HE'D SHOOT YOUR GRAN'PA — OR ANYBODY ELSE WHO GOT IN HIS WAY! EF'N HE TAKES OVER THE WATER-HOLE, THE BAR-S IS OUT OF BUSINESS!

THIS WAS A PEACEFUL COUNTRY UNTIL JEFF DRISCOLL AN' HIS HIRED GUNSLINGERS MOVED IN AN' STARTED LAND GRABBIN'! COME ON, SLIM! WE'VE GOT TO FIND GRAMPS!

IT'S A BIG DESERT, MA'AM, UNLESS WE FIND HIM PURTY SOON WE'LL HAVE TO TURN BACK FOR HELP!



LOOK! THERE HE IS! IT'S GRAMPS!

I HOPE WE AIN'T TOO LATE!



GRAMPS! GRAMPS! THANK HEAVEN WE FOUND YOU!

DRISCOLL... HE'S TAKEN OVER THE WATER-HOLE... ONE OF HIS GUNSLINGERS SHOT ME!!

WE'D BETTER GIT HIM BACK TO THE BAR-S MIZ' BARBARA! LUCKY HE AIN'T WOUNDED TOO BAD!



LATER, AT THE BAR-S...

I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW! WAAL, BARB'RY, WHAT ARE WE GOIN' TO DO ABOUT DRISCOLL? WE'RE SUNK UNLESS WE GIT BACK THE WATER-HOLE!

THE BOYS ARE READY TO RIDE, GRAMPS! WE'LL GET DRISCOLL OUT OF THERE!

IT'S BAD BUSINESS, MIZ' BARBARA! I DON'T LIKE IT!

YOU KNOW OF ANY OTHER WAY?

NO! I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL GO GET THE BOYS!

THIS IS IT, GRAMPS! SO LONG!

BARB'RY, YORE AS GOOD AS ANY MAN! GOOD LUCK, GAL!



LATER THAT DAY, AT THE WATER-HOLE...

WAAL, JEFF, NOW THAT WE GOT THE WATER-HOLE, I RECKON THET BAR-S BUNCH IS LICKED!

MEBBE SO... BUT I THINK THEY'RE GOIN' TO MAKE A PLAY—RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!

HEY, BOSS! RIDERS HEADIN' THIS WAY—FAST!

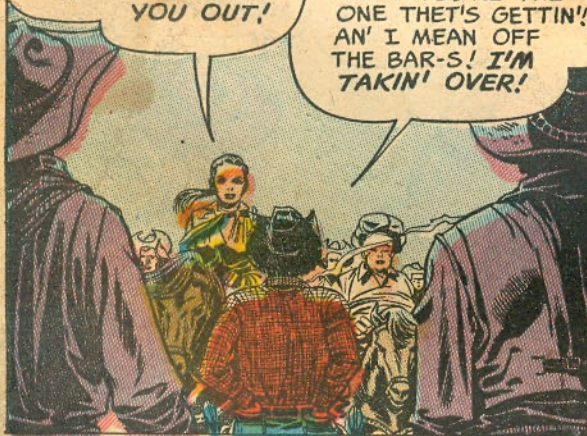


THAT'LL BE THE SLADE GAL! WORK AROUND THE MESA, YANCEY, AN' COVER 'EM IN CASE THEY START ANYTHING! TAKE KELLY AN' BENSON! **GET MOVIN'!**



I'LL MAKE IT SHORT, DRISCOLL! PACK UP AN' GIT OUT OF HERE—
OR WE'LL BLAST YOU OUT!

WHY, SURE, GAL! BUT I RECKON YUH BIT OFF MORE'N YUH CAN CHEW! YOU'RE THE ONE THET'S GETTIN'! AN' I MEAN OFF THE BAR-S! **I'M TAKIN' OVER!**



LISTEN, DRISCOLL—I'M GETTIN' MAD! IF WORDS DON'T MEAN ANYTHIN' TO YOU—**MAYBE BULLETS WILL!** I OWE YOU ONE FOR WHAT YOU DID TO GRAMPS!

MISS SLADE, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO ANNOY ME! I THINK IT'S TIME WE HAD A SHOWDOWN—**YANCEY!**



RIGHT HERE, JEFF! REACH FER THE SKY EVERYBODY!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? NOW LISTEN TO ME, MISS SLADE! YOU'RE GOIN' TO VACATE THE BAR-S IN AN **HOURL—OR ELSE WE'LL BURN IT TO THE GROUND!** NOW, GIT RIDIN'!



ONE HOUR, MISS SLADE! THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE! AN' WE'LL KILL ANYONE WHO WON'T MOVE!

I RECKON WE'RE LICKED, MIZ' BARBARA!



THIS IS ONLY A BATTLE! NOT THE WHOLE WAR, SLIM! I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH THE BOYS WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE BAR-S!



AT THE BAR-S...



BOYS, GRAMPS AN' I ALWAYS GAVE YOU A FAIR SHAKE! WE HAVE LOTS OF GUNS AN' AMMUNITION HERE! WE CAN FIGHT DRISCOLL! ARE YOU WITH ME? ...WELL, **TALK UP!**

I HAVE A FAMILY, MIZ' BARBARA! I'M SORRY.



HOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU? KANSAS? TEX? LARAMIE?

I SIGNED ON TUH RIDE—NOT TUH FIGHT! SORRY!

COUNT ME OUT!

I DON'T AIM TUH WIND UP ON BOOT HILL, MA'AM!



WON'T **ANY** OF YOU STAND UP AN' FIGHT? ARE YOU ALL LEAVIN' ME AN' GRAMPS, AN' THE BAR-S IN THE LURCH?



MISSY... AH WING STAY!

AH WING? GOOD FOR YOU! SADDLE THE FASTEST HORSE IN THE STABLE AN' RIDE TO FORT NELSON! **THE HAWK IS THERE! GET HIM!**



WILL DO, MISSY!

OKAY, AH WING! GRAMPS AN' I WILL STAND THOSE SIDE-WINDERS OFF! GIT GOIN'!

BARBARA AND GRAMPS PREPARE TO DEFEND THEIR RANCH...

THEY'LL BE COMIN' ANY TIME NOW, GRAMPS!

LET 'EM COME, GAL! WE'LL SHOW 'EM THAT THE SLADES CAN FIGHT!



THREE HOURS LATER AT FORT NELSON...



MISTER! MISTER! WHERE I FIND **THE HAWK**?

DOWN THE STREET, SON! IN THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE!

AT THAT MOMENT, NEAR THE
BAR-S...

LOOKS LIKE
THEY TOOK
OFF, DRISCOLL!

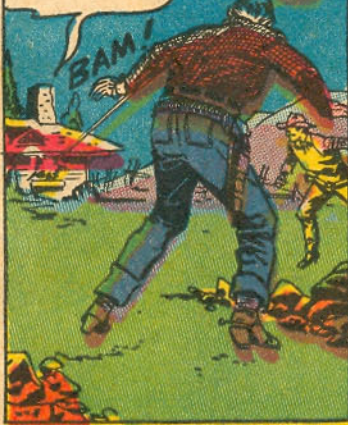
DIDN'T THINK
THEY'D STAND
UP AGAINST
US, DID YUH?



BUT AS THE OWLHOOTS
APPROACH...

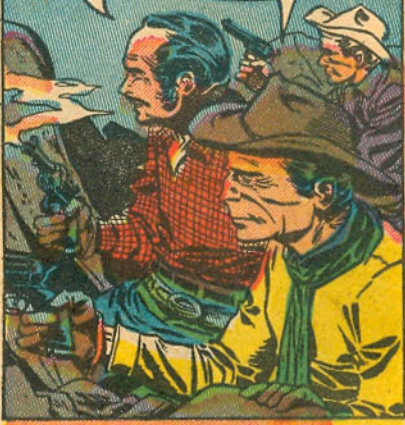
GIT OFF
OUR LAND,
DRISCOLL!

HIT FOR
COVER!



THAT GIRL!
I SHOULD'VE
KILLED HER
OUT IN THE
DESERT!

IT'S NEVER TOO
LATE FOR THAT,
JEFF! WE'LL
VENTILATE HER
RIGHT NOW!



MEANWHILE...

GUNS! HEAR THEM?
DRISCOLL IS AT BAR-S!
IF HE HURT MISSY
BARBIE OR GRAMPS—
AH WING KILL!

SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE
PURTY MUCH ALIVE!
NOW, AH WING—HOW
ARE WE GOING TO
GET INTO THE HOUSE?



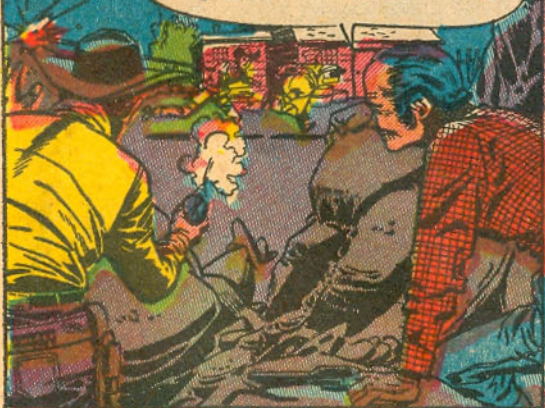
WE GO THROUGH COOK
SHACK! TRAP DOOR IN
COOK SHACK LEAD TO
CELLAR STAIR COME UP
IN HOUSE! GOOD?

SOUNDS GOOD
TO ME! LET'S GO!



JEFF! IT'S
THE HAWK!

WE'VE BEEN HERE TOO
LONG! WE OUGHTA BE
ASHAMED LETTIN' AN OLD
MAN AN' A GAL HOLD US OFF
FOR TWO HOURS! WE
SHOULD'VE RUSHED 'EM!



WE TRIED THAT, JEFF!
KELLY'S BACK THERE WITH
A BULLET IN HIS HEAD! I
HAVE A BETTER IDEA! I
SAW A BARREL OF PITCH
TAR IN THAT TOOL
SHED!

I GET IT! WE'LL
BURN 'EM OUT!
YOU'RE A SMART
APPLE, YANCEY!



INSIDE THE EMBATTLED RANCH HOUSE...



MISSY BARBRY, MEET THE HAWK!

GLAD TO KNOW YUH, MA'AM! I'VE BEEN WAITIN' TO TANGLE WITH DRISCOLL FOR A LONG TIME!

WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, HAWK! WE'VE BEEN GUARDIN' BOTH PARTS OF THE HOUSE—FRONT AN' REAR! AN' WE'RE RUNNIN' LOW ON WATER!

I SEE! HMM! THAT MEANS IF DRISCOLL KEEPS UP THIS SEIGE LONG ENOUGH—HE'LL FORCE YOU OUT!



WELL, MA'AM... WE'LL JEST HAVE TO KEEP SHOOTIN'—AN' NOT LET ON THERE'S NO WATER! WE'LL FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF GETTIN' HELP!



OUTSIDE...

WAIT'LL THAT HITS THE HOUSE! THOSE DRY BOARDS'LL GO UP LIKE TINDER!

BENSON BLOCKED UP THE COOK SHACK EXIT! THEY'LL HAVE TUH COME OUT THE FRONT! THEN WE'LL LET 'EM HAVE IT!



AS THE BLAZING PITCH TAR SETS THE HOUSE AFIRE, THE GALLANT DEFENDERS REALIZE THEIR DANGER...

CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS, HAWK!

WE'LL HAVE TO RUSH 'EM, MA'AM! YOU AN' ME WILL KEEP OUR GUNS SPITTIN' LEAD, WHILE AH WING HELPS THE OLD MAN! IT'S THE ONLY WAY!



I'D RATHER DIE FIGHTIN' THAN BE ROASTED TO DEATH!

GOOD GIRL! LET'S GO!



I'LL KICK OPEN THE DOOR! THEN JUST KEEP SHOOTIN'! WE'LL HEAD FOR THE STABLE! IF WE THROW ENOUGH BULLETS, WE MIGHT MAKE IT! ARE YOU READY?

YES!





THE DEADLY FIRE FROM BARBARA AND THE HAWK TAKES ITS TOLL...

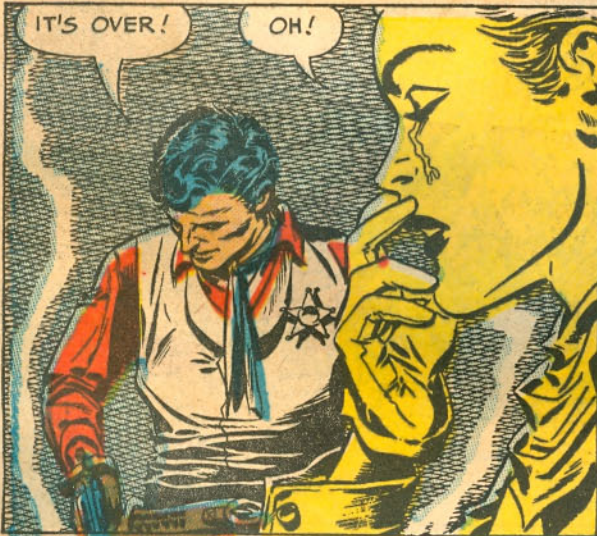
YANCEY! BENSON!
BENSON! LET'S
GET OUT OF HERE!

I'M COMIN',
BOSS! WE
CAN MAKE
THE DESERT!



YOU FORGOT ABOUT
ME!

BAM!
BAM!

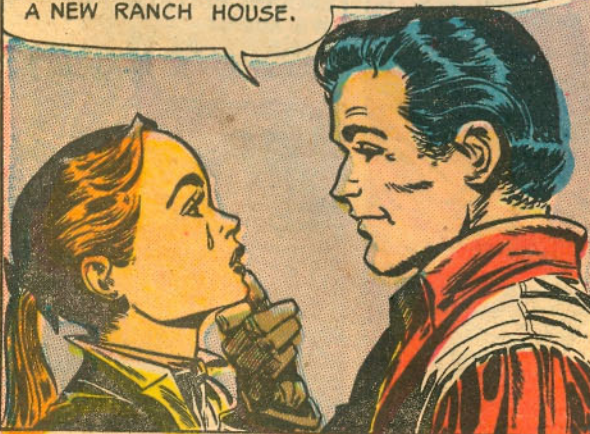


IT'S OVER!

OH!



HEY! WHOA UP ON THE TEARS, BARBIE! I
THOUGHT YOU WERE A TOUGH HOMBRE—
GOOD AS A MAN, ANY DAY! WAAL... I RECKON
I BETTER BE MOVIN' ON WHILE YOU BETTER
BE LOOKIN' TO BUILD
A NEW RANCH HOUSE.



AND, AS ALWAYS, THE HAWK MUST TURN HIS
FACE TOWARD THE DESERT AND THE UNKNOWN
ADVENTURES THAT BECKON HIM FROM THE
WASTE-LAND...

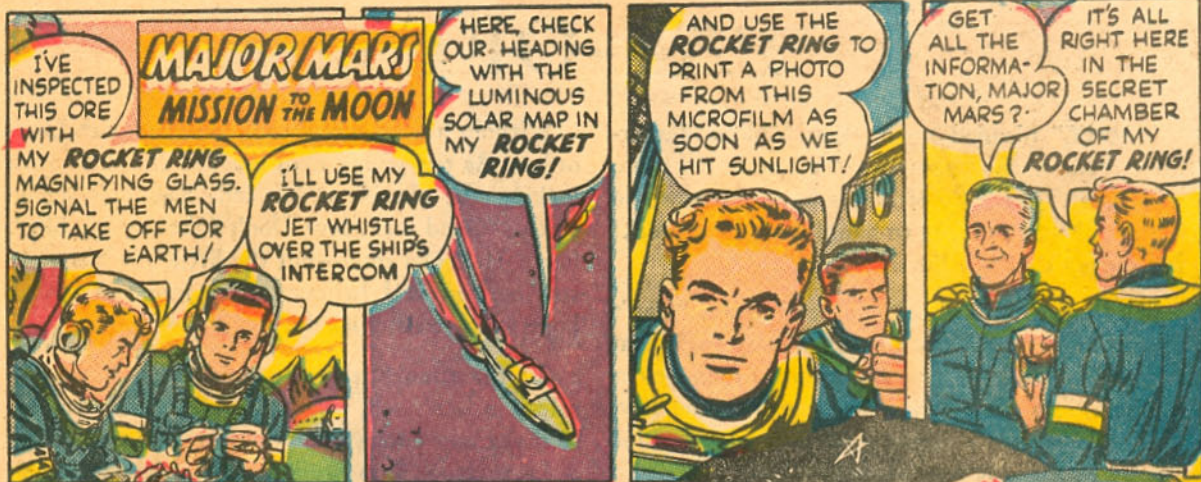
GOOD-BYE! COME
BACK! COME BACK
SOON!

WHO KNOWS? MAYBE
I WILL BE BACK—
SOON! FOR NOW—
ADIOS!

OH, IF HE'D ONLY
COME BACK!



The End



Hurry Kids, get your Major Mars' ROCKET RING

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25¢ AND 1 BAG
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"POPSICLE" "FUDGSICLE"
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FOR

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I am enclosing \$_____ and _____ bags.*

*(25¢ and 1 bag for each ring; 10¢ and 1 bag for each set of extra papers).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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**MAIL
TODAY**

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PAY-OFF

"Sheriff," pleaded young Lon Mullins desperately, "you know I haven't got a chance if I go to trial here! That gang of killers have this town so bulldozed that I'm sure to hang! Give me a break! Let me try to prove I'm innocent!"

Sheriff Reynolds shook his head sadly. "Can't do it, son," he said. "Look at it from any angle. I'm sworn to uphold the law, and killing a man—even a skunk like Rafe Liggett—is against the law. You've been heard shooting off your mouth a lot around here about wanting to kill Rafe . . ."

"Sure I said I'd like to kill Rafe," interrupted Lon fiercely. "I'd want to kill anybody who'd whip a horse to death, the way he did! And you know, Sheriff, even though it's never been proved, Rafe and his gang are responsible for plenty of holdups and killings around these parts! But with all that, I didn't shoot him!"

"Somehow," said the sheriff, "I believe you, even though the evidence is all against you, Lon. But there's nothing I can do. You'll have to go on trial, and the town is so stirred up that the trial will have to be tomorrow."

Lon nodded bitterly. "I'll bet that Rafe's gang decided that," he said. "So I won't have the chance of building up any kind of defense. I'm being railroaded, and there's nothing that can be done about it. I don't suppose it matters who's on the jury. There isn't anybody in town with nerve enough to go against Rafe's gang, anyway."

Sheriff Reynolds nodded. "It does look tough for you," he agreed. "I'd say you're a safe bet to be convicted, Lon. The only hope you've got is that after you're convicted, you'll have to be taken to the state capital for imprisonment until the execution. Maybe there you can do something for yourself—if you're really innocent."

"I've got at least one other hope," gritted Lon savagely, snaking his hands through the bars of his cell and snatching the six-guns from Sheriff Reynolds' belt-holsters! And in the same split second, he held both guns in a grip of steel, pointing at the sheriff's heart. "I don't want to hurt you, Sheriff," said Lon tensely. "You're an honest man. But you open this cell door, and get in here after I get out."

Without a word, the sheriff complied with Lon's orders. As the young man reached the door after locking the sheriff in his cell, Reynolds called softly, "Good luck, son! Don't take my big black horse. He looks good—but the little bay has more staying power! I believe you're innocent, and I hope you get away safely!"

By the time Sheriff Reynolds was discovered asleep in Lon's cell, where he had been careful not to make any outcry that would reveal the escape of his prisoner, Lon Mullins was far beyond reach of any posse. The little bay horse jogged along at an easy pace that ate up the miles and tired neither the animal nor his rider.

Lon drew up on top of a rise of land and studied the landmarks for a few moments. Then he smiled grimly. He recognized the signs: he was less than a day's ride from the Mexican border. Once over the line, he would be safe, he knew. It was easy for a man to lose himself in the many hills of Mexico, and start a new life, where he'd be in no danger of arrest on the false charge of having killed Rafe Liggett.

When the sun was almost directly overhead, Lon spotted a rabbit hopping along the road ahead of him. The sight reminded him that he was hungry, and at the first clump of trees he pulled up and dismounted.

The rabbits were plentiful, and soon Lon had one skinned and roasting over a twig fire. When he had finished his meal, carefully stamping out the fire and scattering the ashes, he was ready to resume the trip south.

With one foot in the stirrup, Lon froze like a statue. His keen ears had caught a faint sound. As silently as an Indian, Lon moved in the direction from which it had come, his guns ready in his fists.

He cautiously parted the thicket before him. A slender woman was seated on the ground next to a small buggy. She was holding a little child in her arms, rocking the infant and crying softly to herself. Lon stepped forward. The woman raised her eyes, saw him, and screamed in sudden terror.

"I won't hurt you, ma'am," he said swiftly. "What's wrong?"

Slowly the fright left the young woman's eyes. "It's the baby," she said sadly. "We were heading for Stoneville to the doctor's, because she's been sick and I haven't been able to help her at all. I camped here for the night, and this morning, when I awoke, my horse had broken loose and wandered off. Won't you help me, please? It's for the baby's sake I'm asking. Please help us get to Stoneville! Please!"

"Stoneville? Why, ma'am, that's where I just came from!"

"Oh, how wonderful! Then you know the road! Won't you get us there, please?"

Lon shoved his hat to the back of his head and slowly scratched his forehead. A million conflicting thoughts raced through his mind. Sure, he wanted to help the young woman and her sick baby. Every instinct told him he had to do that. But every instinct of self-preservation warned him that a return to Stoneville would mean that his bid for freedom was dead, that he would be walking into the midst of his enemies, against whom he didn't have a chance.

"I . . . I can't explain it, ma'am," he stammered, "but I don't think I can—" He broke off miserably at the hopelessness that flooded the woman's face. And then the baby opened its eyes and stared at Lon. In the middle of a heartbreaking wail, the infant stopped and its tiny face broke into a happy smile as it gurgled at Lon.

Without a word Lon turned on his heel. "Wait a moment, ma'am!" he called back over his shoulder. "Just let me get my horse here."

In two minutes Lon was back, leading the bay, which he stripped of saddle and bridle, and swiftly harnessed to the front of the buggy. Gently he helped the mother into the cart, handed up the pile of blankets from the ground, and headed back to Stoneville.

Lon Mullins was thankful that by the time they reached the town it was dark. Doctor Richards lived on the near end of the small village. He'd have no difficulty reaching the doctor's house, and with a break, might even be able to get away again.

The first part of his plan worked. As Lon saw the young woman enter the doctor's home, he swiftly yanked the bay out of its traces, and flung the saddle over its back. As he was tightening the cinch he felt the muzzle of a six-gun pressing into his back. Half-an-hour later, he was back in jail, captured by two of Rafe Liggett's men who had been

passing by and had recognized the sheriff's bay horse.

Next morning Lon was awakened by the shouting and stamping of crowds outside the jailhouse. Before he had a chance to distinguish the words, Sheriff Reynolds, Doctor Richards and several of the more respectable citizens of the town were in front of the cell.

"Open it up, Sheriff," said Doctor Richards, "and get him out."

Wondering, Lon stepped from the cell. He followed the Sheriff back to his office. The first person he saw in the crowded room was the young woman he had met the day before. Now the infant in her arms was crowing and laughing happily, and as Lon entered, the baby reached out two chubby hands to him.

And then Lon saw, standing by the wall, six of Rafe Liggett's most notorious bullies and gun-fighters, handcuffed to each other and guarded by the drawn guns of two deputies. He turned to Sheriff Reynolds, his brow wrinkling in bewilderment. "What's going on here, Sheriff?" he demanded. "What's this all about?"

Sheriff Reynolds' creased face broke into a broad grin. "I guess it is a little confusing, son," he said, "but it's like this. That good deed you did yesterday, when you brought Mrs. Crowley and her baby here into town, kind of paid off for you. You see, Mrs. Crowley was on her way to town for two reasons—first to get the doctor for the youngster, and then also to tell the authorities that her husband was the man who killed Rafe Liggett. So that clears you, son!"

Lon turned eagerly to the young woman. "Is this true, ma'am?" he asked.

Mrs. Crowley nodded. "Yes," she said steadily. "I just learned that my husband was mixed up with Rafe's gang. I was planning to leave him, while he was in town to see Rafe. I didn't know he had killed Rafe until he got home before I left and then these men," and she pointed to the handcuffed group, "showed up at our place and murdered my husband for killing their leader."

"And when we heard the story," interrupted Sheriff Reynolds, "the decent people of this town, Lon, got enough backbone to realize that we've got to clean out this gang of killers once and for all! We rounded 'em up—and with Mrs. Crowley's evidence, they'll all hang!"

THE END



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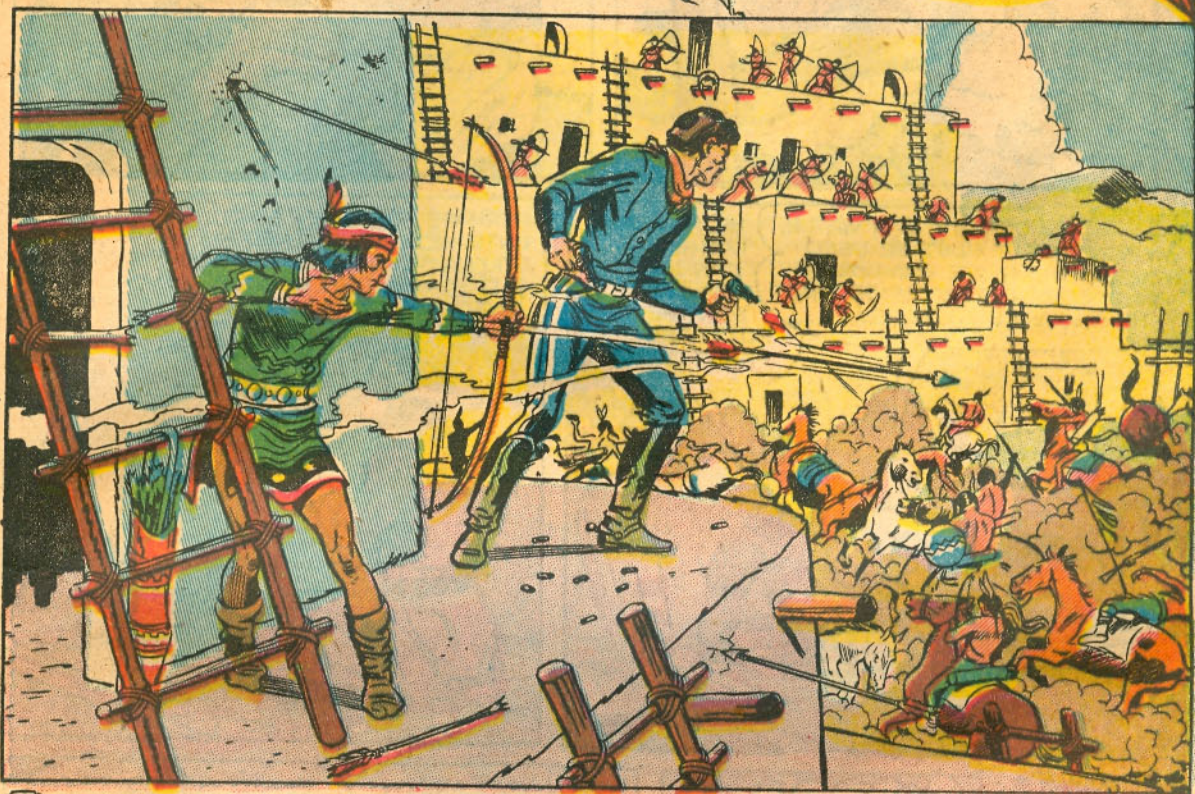
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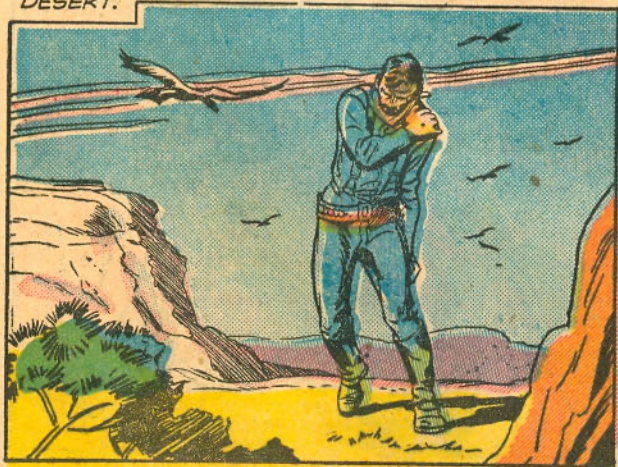
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HOPI HERO

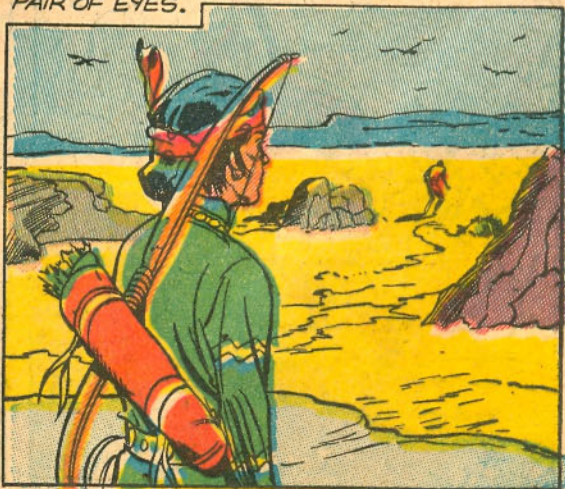
AMONG THE PUEBLO TRIBES OF NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA, THE WORD "HOPI" MEANS "PEACE-LOVING." BUT ON ONE OCCASION, A TRIBE OF THESE KINDLY, HARMLESS INDIANS ROSE UP AND SCORED A VICTORY OVER THEIR WARLIKE ENEMIES, THE NAVAJOS.



BUZZARDS CIRCLE PATIENTLY, WAITING AND WATCHING A MOVING BODY ON THE VAST BLANKET OF DESERT.



THE DISTANT FIGURE IS SEEN BY ANOTHER PAIR OF EYES.



THE BUZZARDS SLOWLY DRIFT AWAY AS THEY REALIZE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN CHEATED OF THEIR MEAL BY AN INTERLOPER.

NAVAJO AMBUSH...
EVERYBODY KILLED. THEY
THOUGHT I WAS... DEAD.

DO NOT
TALK. DRINK.



NAVAJOS! MY PEOPLE HAVE SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF THE NAVAJO, TOO. WE WILL NURSE YOU BACK TO HEALTH!



LATER...

CHARITY IS A VIRTUE,
MY SON, BUT IT MUST BE USED
WISELY. THE WHITE WARRIOR IS
AN ENEMY. IT IS NOT GOOD THAT
HE SHOULD STAY HERE!

HE IS WEAK,
FATHER! WE
CANNOT
LEAVE HIM
FOR THE
BUZZARDS TO
FEAST UPON!



PERHAPS FOR A FEW SUNS...
UNTIL HE HAS REGAINED HIS
STRENGTH. THEN GIVE HIM AN
OLD BURRO THAT HAS OUT-
LIVED HIS USEFULNESS...

YOU ARE
WISE,
FATHER,
AND YOUR
HEART IS A
GREAT ONE!



MEANWHILE...



THE NAVAJO ARE ON
THE WARPATH! THEY
DANCE WAR DANCES!

BEFORE MANY SUNS
THEY WILL BE HERE! LET
US CALL A COUNCIL!



THAT NIGHT, FIRES ARE LIT, DRUMS ARE SOUNDED, THE SACRED MEAL SCATTERED, AND DANCES PERFORMED.



WHEN THE LAST DANCE IS OVER, WALKING-IN-THE-SUN RISES TO SPEAK IN THE COUNCIL OF ELDERS.

MY BROTHERS, EVEN AS THE NAVAJO PREPARE FOR WAR, ONE AMONG US KEEPS AN ENEMY IN HIS HOME!

CAST HIM OUT! CAST THE WHITE WARRIOR OUT!



LET HIM WHO HAS BROUGHT THIS UPON US SPEAK!



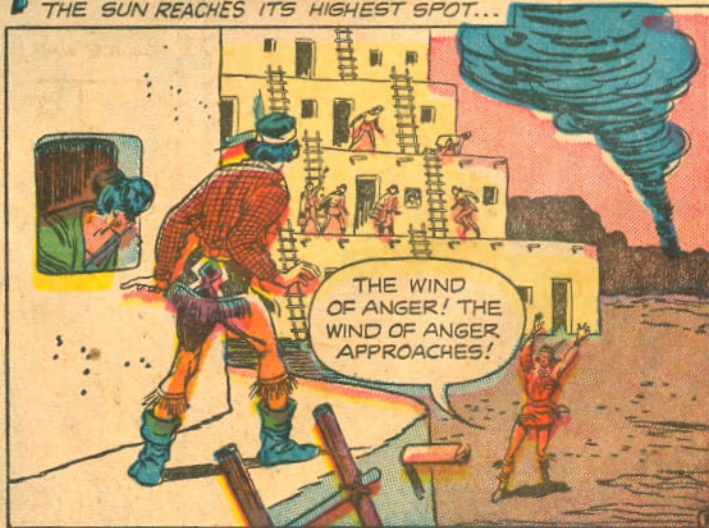
WOULD THE GREAT SPIRIT SMILE UPON US IF WE CAST ONE OF HIS OWN SONS OUT INTO THE DESERT?

LET THE GREAT SPIRIT GIVE US A SIGN!



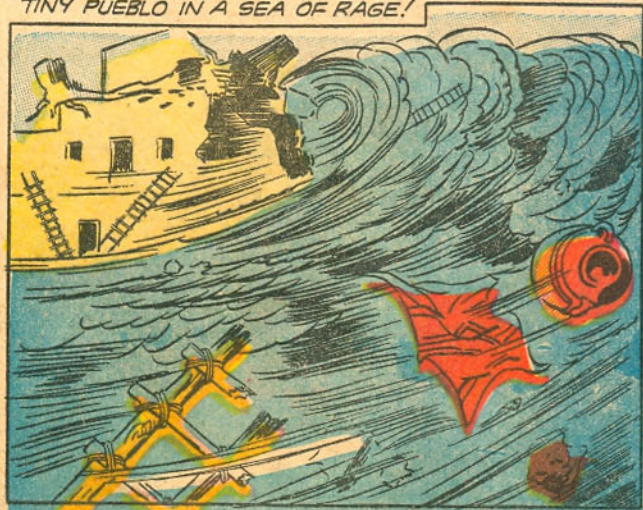
OH, GREAT SPIRIT, IF WE OFFEND YOU IN SHELTERING THE WHITE ENEMY, GIVE US A SIGN BEFORE ANOTHER SUN PASSES.

THE NEXT DAY, HOPIS WAIT FOR THE SIGN. THEN, AS THE SUN REACHES ITS HIGHEST SPOT...



THE WIND OF ANGER! THE WIND OF ANGER APPROACHES!

TORNADO! THE DREAD MENACE OF THE DESERT!
WHIRLING, TWISTING, ROARING, IT ENGULFS THE
TINY PUEBLO IN A SEA OF RAGE!



AS SWIFTLY AS IT COMES, IT WHIRLS AWAY,
LEAVING TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION IN ITS PATH.



MEANWHILE, WHITE EAGLE HAS NOT WAITED FOR THE
DECISION OF THE COUNCIL.

WH...WHAT AM
I DOING HERE?
WHO ARE YOU?

I AM WHITE EAGLE OF
THE HOPI. I BROUGHT YOU
HERE WHEN I FOUND YOU SICK IN
THE DESERT. NOW WE ARE TO BE
ATTACKED BY THE NAVAJO AND
MY PEOPLE COME TO CAST YOU
INTO THE DESERT AGAIN!



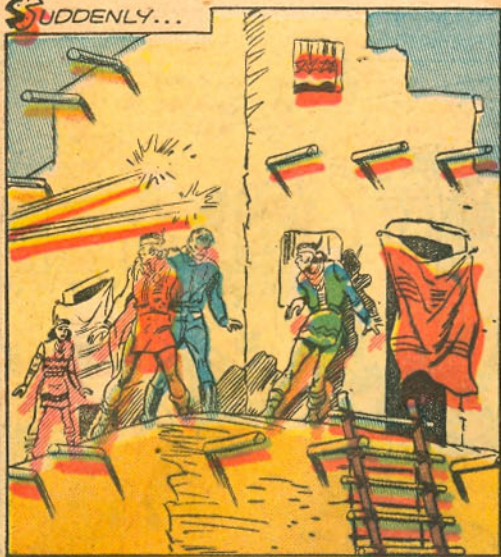
TAKE THIS WATER AND
BREAD. IT'S ALL I CAN
OFFER YOU UNTIL...



SEIZE HIM!



SUDDENLY...



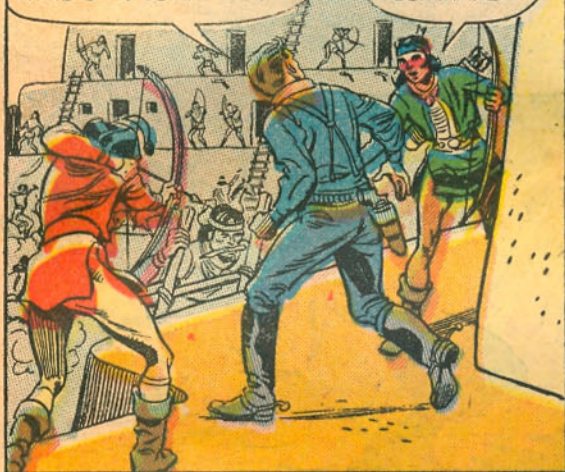
WH...?

THE NAVAJO ATTACK!
YOU MUST HIDE OR THEY
WILL KILL YOU!

NAVAJO!

HIDE NOTHING! YOU'VE
GOT A FORTRESS HERE!
WHO'S IN COMMAND?

COMMAND?
NO ONE IS IN
COMMAND.

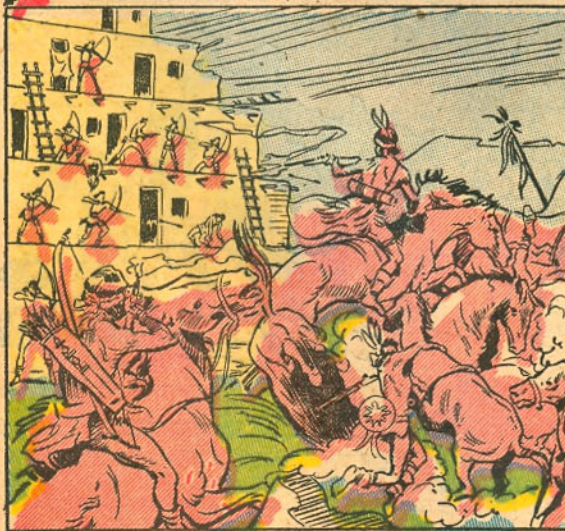


THEN YOU TAKE COMMAND!
TELL THEM TO PULL UP THOSE
LADDERS! GET A BODY OF MEN
TO GUARD THAT FLANK!

PULL THE
LADDERS UP!
RACING CAT!
BEAR CLAW!
BEAT DOWN THOSE
AT CACTUS
FLOWER'S ADOBE!



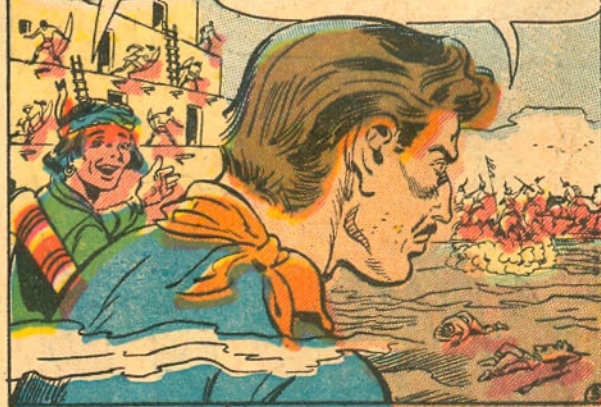
FOR ALMOST AN HOUR, THE BATTLE RAGED...



SURPRISED AT THE SUDDEN STIFFENING OF THE HOPI DEFENSE, THE NAVAJOS WITHDRAW.

THE NAVAJO
WITHDRAWS! WE
HAVE WON!

WE AIN'T WON YET. THEY'RE
PULLING IN THEIR LINES FOR
ANOTHER CHARGE. BUT THAT
GIVES US TIME TO GET READY!

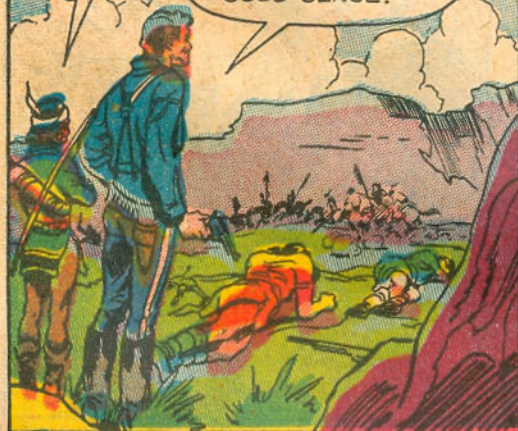


TELL THE WOMEN TO HEAT WATER OVER THEIR FIRES! TELL THE MEN TO GET INSIDE THEIR ADOBBES AND FIRE FROM THE WINDOWS! WE'LL GIVE 'EM SOMETHING THEY WEREN'T LOOKIN' FOR!



THEY FLEE!
THE NAVAJOS
ARE BEATEN!

THIS TIME, I'D SAY YOU
WERE RIGHT. THEY WON'T
RETURN FOR A LONG
WHILE IF THEY GOT
GOOD SENSE!



THE NEXT DAY...

IT SADDENS ME TO SAY
GOODBYE, SAM WATT. I KNOW YOU
WISH TO RETURN TO YOUR PEOPLE
AS I WISH TO STAY WITH MINE. IT
IS BETTER THAT YOU GO AS A
FRIEND THAN STAY AS
AN ENEMY.

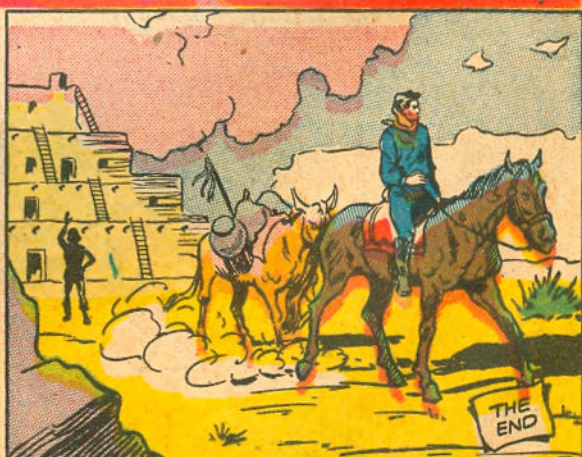


AGAIN THE NAVAJOS CHARGE, BUT THIS TIME THE HOPI ARE READY...



THAT NIGHT AT A VICTORY CELEBRATION, TWO NEW MEMBERS SIT IN THE COUNCIL OF ELDERS.

THE DEEDS OF THIS DAY SHALL LONG BE REMEMBERED!
THE NAME OF LIEUTENANT SAM WATT WILL LIVE
FOREVER IN THE PUEBLOS
OF THE HOPI NATION!



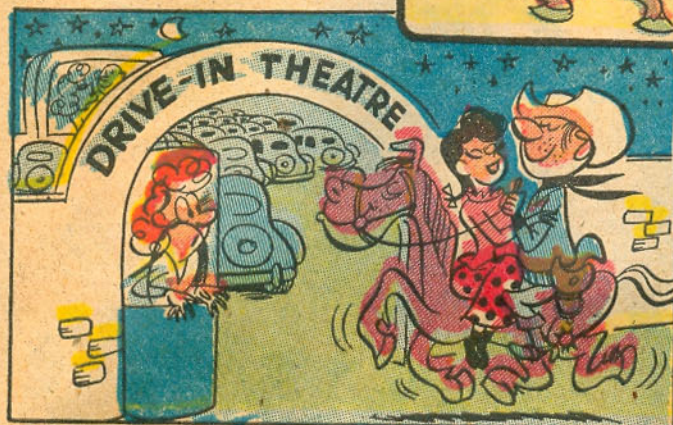
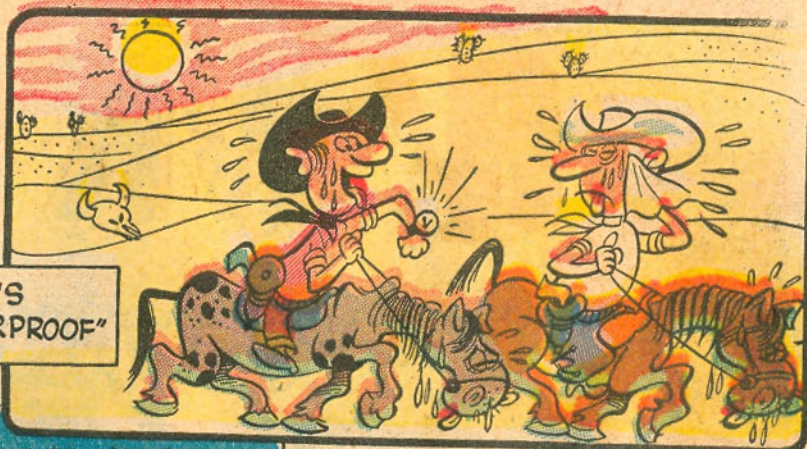
THE
END

THE ANNALS OF THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY
ARE SILENT CONCERNING SAM WATT'S EXPLOITS,
BUT HIS STORY IS STILL TOLD AROUND THE
COUNCIL FIRES OF THE HOPI.

Cactus Cackles

Vic
MARTIN

"IT'S
WATERPROOF"



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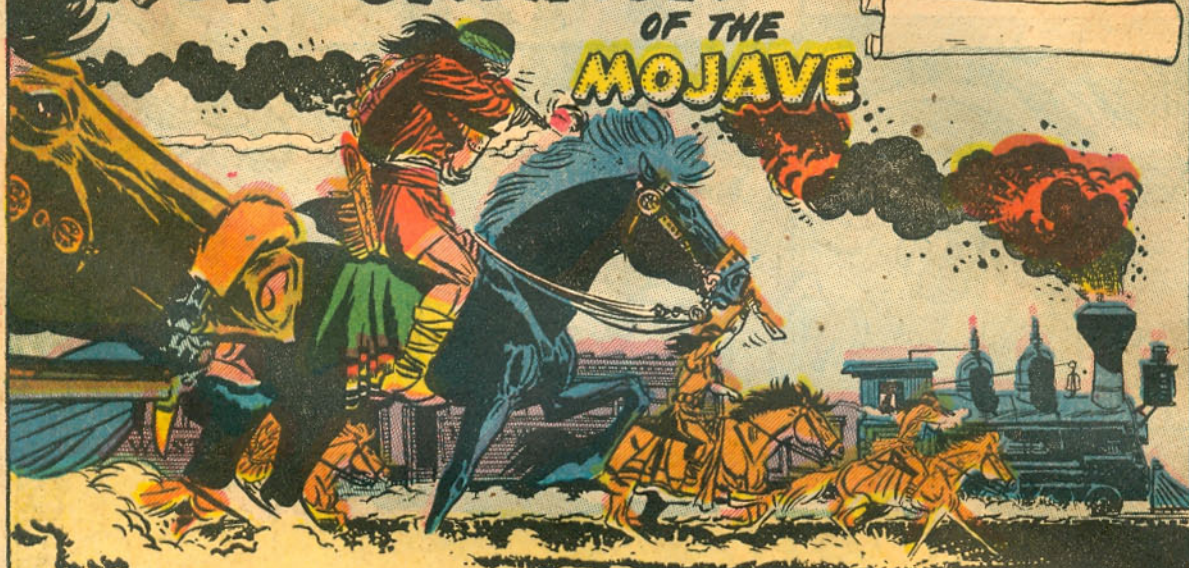
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Canada & Foreign—\$2.50 with order

the HAWK

in IRON CARAVAN OF THE MOJAVE

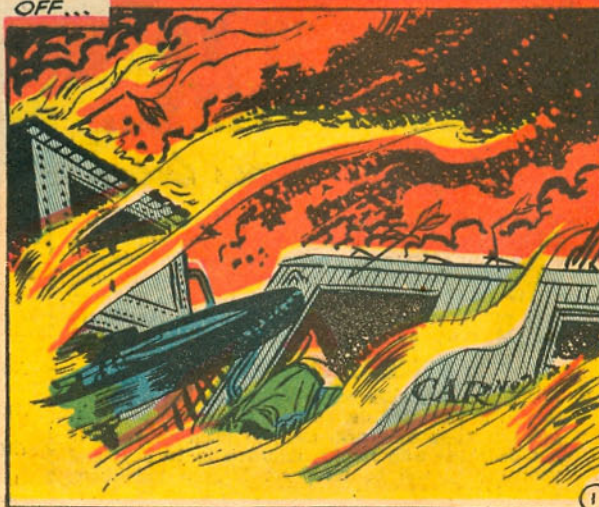
LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL SCURRYING FOR COVER, A CHUGGING LOCOMOTIVE HURTLES ACROSS THE DESERT. ITS THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, IT MAKES A DESPERATE BID TO OUTDISTANCE A SWARMING HORDE OF ATTACKING APACHE INDIANS...



THEY'RE GAININ' ON US, WILLIE! WE DON'T STAND A -- AAGGHHH!



THE TRAIN LEAPS THE BROKEN TRACK. THEN, THEIR SLAUGHTER COMPLETE, THE HOWLING BAND RIDES OFF...



THE NEWS REACHES AGATE CITY...

WHUT'S THE POINT OF WASTIN' TIME!
THEM INJUNS SLAUGHTERED OUR BOYS,
AN' I SAY WE SETTLE THE SCORE!
IF IT'S A SHOOTIN' WAR THEY WANT
— LET'S GIVE IT TUH THEM!

YOU
BET!

LET'S SHOW
'EM, LUKE!



SUDDENLY...

YOU BOYS'LL STAY PUT.
NO ONE'S SETTIN' FOOT
OUTA TOWN, TILL ALL
THE FACTS ARE IN!

THE
HAWK!



WE KNOW WHERE
YOU STAND HAWK!
YOU AN' THAT INJUN,
AGUILA, HAVE BEEN
PALS FER YEARS.
YER A TRAITOR TO
YORE OWN KIND!
NOW STEP
CLEAR AFORE
I —

OWW-WW!



LIKE I SAID, BOYS—
DON'T STIR OUT O'
TOWN TILL I CHECK
THE DETAILS—
OTHERWISE YOU'LL
BE ANSWERIN' TO
ME!



TWO HOURS LATER,
AS A RELENTLESS
SUN BEATS DOWN
UPON SHIMMERING
SAND...

THAT'S A MESCALERO
APACHE SMOKE SIGNAL
ALL RIGHT. I RECKON OLD
AGUILA HAS ME SPOTTED
AND WANTS TUH HOLD A
POW WOW! I SHORE
HOPE HIS PEOPLE HAD
NOTHING TUH DO WITH
THET SLAUGHTER.



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, THE MARSHAL AND THE
AGED CHIEF, AGUILA, MEET...

IT IS TRUE MY BRAVES FEAR
THE NEW IRON HORSE, BUT THEY
DO NOT ATTACK. THOSE WHO
KILLED YOUR PEOPLE DO SO
TO BRING SHAME UPON MY
TRIBE. THEY WANT TO MAKE
WAR BETWEEN US!

I BELIEVE
YOU,
AGUILA!



LOOK, WHITE BROTHER!
GREAT HERD OF BUFFALO.
SUCH A SIGHT GLADDENS
THE HEART OF THE APACHES.
TO HUNT IN PEACE IN THE
LAND OF OUR FATHERS IS
ALL WE ASK.

IT'S A RIGHT
NO DECENT
WHITE MAN
WOULD DENY
YOU!



I'VE A HUNCH THET MEBBE
DUDE MULLINS, OWNER OF
THE MESA STAGECOACH
COMPANY IS MIXED UP IN
THIS. WITH YOUR HELP,
AGUILA, I
THINK WE
CAN FORCE
A SHOW-
DOWN!

YOU ARE OUR FRIEND.
IF HELPING YOU WILL
REMOVE THE BAD
BLOOD BETWEEN OUR
PEOPLE - THEN WE
HELP!



MEANWHILE, IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE MESA
STAGECOACH CO.

I'M TELLIN' YUH, MULLINS.
WE'RE UP AGIN IT NOW.
ONCE THE HAWK LEARNS
THE TRUTH FROM AGUILA,
HE'LL BE SNOOPIN'
AROUND HERE!

MEBBE, BUT IT
WON'T GET 'IM
NOWHERE!



SO LONG AS NO ONE GABS, HE
CAN NEVER PIN THE KILLIN'S ON
US. THE FACT THAT WE WERE
DRESSED LIKE INJUNS, AND
DIDN'T LEAVE ANY WITNESSES,
MAKES IT AIRTIGHT!

Y-YEAH, BUT
THE HAWK
CAN PLAY
REAL ROUGH!



AN' **SO CAN I!** DON'T GIT
COLD FEET ON ME, OR I'LL
SHOW YUH JUST **HOW**
ROUGH I CAN GIT!



ONE MORE RAID LIKE TODAY, AN' THIS
NEW RAILROAD'LL FOLD UP PRONTO!
MEANWHILE WE LET THEM INJUNS
TAKE TH' BLAME WHILE **MY**
STAGECOACH COMPANY
GITs **ALL** THE
BUSINESS!



TWO DAYS LATER IN THE RAILROAD COMPANY'S LOCAL OFFICE...

INTERESTS ME, MARSHAL, BUT SO FAR WE'VE ONLY MADE TWO RUNS AND EACH ONE ENDED IN DISASTER. I'VE ALREADY WRITTEN THE COMPANY'S OFFICIALS REQUESTING INDEFINITE POSTPONEMENT OF FUTURE OPERATIONS...

BUT THE DESERT NEEDS YORE LINE!



ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN! WE'LL GIVE IT ONE MORE TRY AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

THANKS, MR. WEBSTER! THAT'S ALL I'M ASKIN'!



FIVE DAYS LATER...

LOOK THAR, PETE! THET DANG FOOL RAILROAD IS STILL OPERATIN'!

RECKON WE'D BETTER SKEDADDLE. THEM TRAINS CAN DRAW INJUNS QUICKER'N HONEY DRAWS FLIES!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE ONE OF THE CARS...

EVERYTHIN'S SET, BOSS. THE BOYS ARE WAITIN' AT HANGMAN'S GULLY, AN' THEY SHORE LOOK LIKE A MESS O' REAL APACHES!

THET DOESN'T GIVE US MUCH TIME! WE'D BETTER START HEADIN' TOWARD THE ENGINE!



SECONDS LATER...

SORRY, GENTS. PASSENGERS AIN'T ALLOWED TUM RIDE THE ENGINE!



THEN WE'RE CHANGIN' THE RULES.

WHA--?



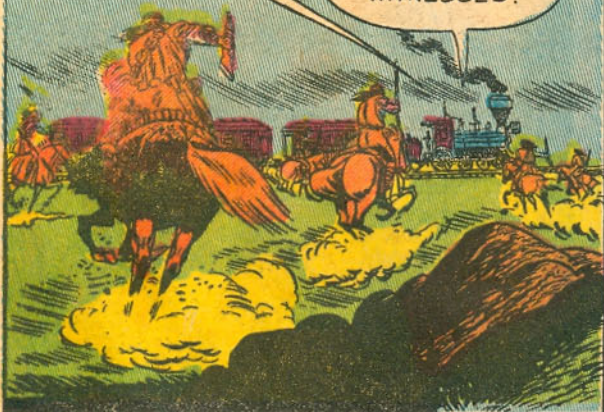
WE'LL BE REACHIN' HANGMAN'S GULLY IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES. IF THIS THING AIN'T STOPPED BY THEN, I'LL BLAST A HOLE IN YORE HEAD!



TWO MINUTES LATER, AS THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A SCREECHING HALT...

HERE COME THE
BOYS, BOSS!

GOOD! REMEMBER,
NO ONE GETS OUT
ALIVE! WE AIN'T
LEAVIN' ANY
WITNESSES!



THIS WAY YOU — WAIT! THEM
AREN'T MY BOYS! THEM'S
REAL APACHES! AN' —
THE HAWK'S WITH 'EM!



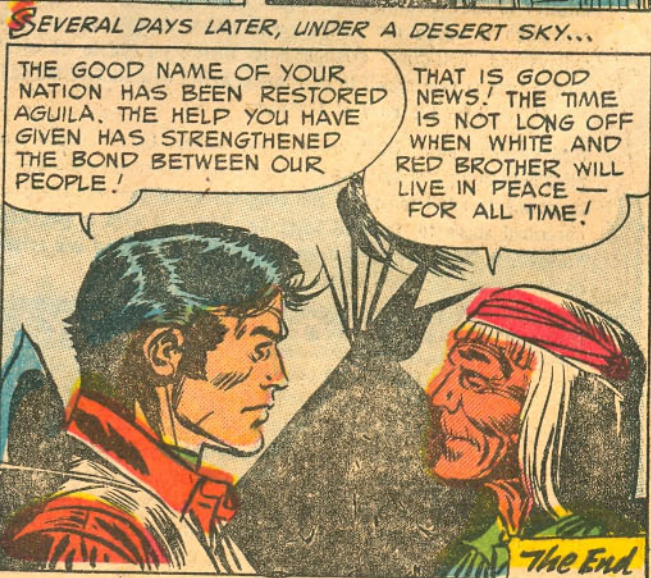
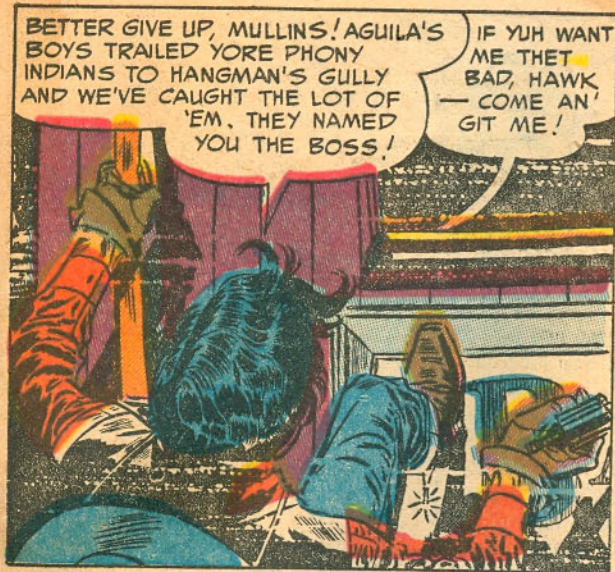
GIT THIS THING
GOIN', PRONTO!



LOOK! THE IRON
CARAVAN BEGINS
TO MOVE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, AGUILA!
THEY'RE WISE TO US! BUT
THE BUZZARD I'M AFTER IS
STILL ABOARD THET TRAIN!





The End

POWERFUL

Look Fellows! Here's The Neatest, Strongest Little Real Electric Motor You've Ever Seen!

THIS amazing new miniature D.C. Electric Motor looks and runs just like a big one! Yet it's so tiny you can hold it in the palm of your hand. Slickest little power unit ever made to run your model boats, planes, cars, trucks, tractors, trains, drawbridges, cranes, turntables, fans — or whatever else you want to make GO with the flip of a switch! Motor and multi-ratio gear box and gears come to you — ready to purr with smooth power the minute you hook it up! Measures only 1 x 1 x 1 1/4 inches; weighs only an **ounce**. Turns up close to 7,000 r.p.m.'s! **REVERSES** instantly, too! Motor is in **housable** housing. Comes complete with batteries, transparent plastic gear box — **PLUS** ten extra gears and pulleys for working out your own ratios — up to 80-to-1.



← HERE'S AN ACTUAL SIZE of the MIGHTY MIDGET



RUNS ON ORDINARY FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES!



MULTI-RATIO PLASTIC GEAR-BOX INCLUDED!



PLUS THESE 10 EXTRA GEARS AND PULLEYS!

SWELL FOR PLANE!

The terrific jet-turbine-like speed of this motor makes it a "home" for all types of model planes. (When geared down, it will actually turn a standard 6 ft. real airplane propeller!)

NO DANGER OF SHOCKS OR SHORTS

AND NO TRANSFORMER IS NEEDED!



IDEAL FOR MODEL BOATS
So Powerful it will drive boats weighing as much as **fifty** times as much as the motor itself! Use for Model Submarines, PT Boats, Yachts, Cruisers, Tugs, Liners



It's Entirely SAFE! It's EDUCATIONAL!
It's More FUN Than a Barrel of Monkeys!

Think of the fun you can have with this brand new all-purpose MIGHTY MIDGET electric motor! Think how many different ways you can hitch it up to run things — with gears, direct-drive, or with pulleys and "belt-drive" arrangements. There's no end to its uses! Be the first in your crowd to own this powerful new MIGHTY MIDGET Motor! You'll be the envy of the gang.

Mail coupon below, **NOW**, without any money. Or (if coupon has already been clipped by someone else before you) simply send **\$2.98** as payment in full for motor and complete outfit sent **POSTPAID** as described above to: **Imperial Sales Co., 114 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y.** Money back if you are not fully satisfied and return outfit in good condition within 10 days.

SEND NO MONEY!

You need send no money with coupon at right. Simply tear or cut out, fill it in clearly and mail to address shown. Your MIGHTY MIDGET Electric Motor — complete with two fresh long-life 1 1/2 volt batteries, battery-clip, plastic gear-box fan blade and set of 10 extra gears and pulleys. **ALL** will be sent you by return mail. When postman delivers it, pay only **\$2.98** plus few cents postage. If not completely satisfied, return it within ten days and your money will be refunded **IN FULL!** But our supply of MIGHTY MIDGET Motors is limited. So act promptly **MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!**

JUST SHOW THIS AD TO YOUR DAD!

Your father will see at a glance how helpful this real little motor can be in an educational way. You can take it to school for demonstrations in the classroom. SEE the laws of Science and principles of Engineering **AT WORK!**

ONLY \$2.98

COMPLETE WITH GEARS AND TWO BATTERIES!

**IMPERIAL SALES CO., Dept. 201
114 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y.**

Yes! I want one of those new MIGHTY MIDGET Electric Motors, complete with batteries, gears, etc. as described above. Rush me the "whole works" at once. I will pay postman only \$2.98, plus few cents postage, as payment in full.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE!** Check here if you are enclosing \$2.98 as payment in full, in which case we will pay postage. Same money-back guarantee applies, of course!

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to
LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER



POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?



YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

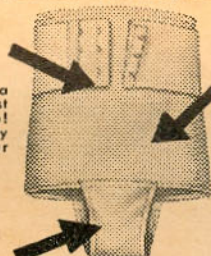
The CHEVALIER

LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!

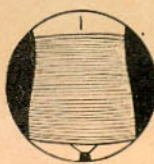


TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



Rear View
FITS SNUG AT SMALL of BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way s-t-r-e-t-c-h cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on **FREE TRIAL**. Mail the coupon right now!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined... how comfortable you feel! How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 2706-E
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' **FREE TRIAL** A CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my **FREE** pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is.....
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name

Address

City and Zone.....State.....

☐ Save 65c postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Same Free Trial and refund privilege.

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 2706-E, 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.



Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

BUY NOW! at our LOW PRICES!

NEW! AMAZING! MYSTERY FISH-BOWL

Specialty priced at only **2.98**

WHAT KEEPS THE WATER IN THE LOOP?

IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT
BEAUTIFULLY MOLDED PLASTIC OYSTER
FISH SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP
DECORATES END TABLES, BOOKCASES, ETC.

What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop. Fill it with approximately 1/2 gallon of water as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they risk and frolic through the loop. The perfect complement to any room. Decorates end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

Hello! I'm **SANDY!**
I drink! I wet! I sleep
and you can
WAVE MY HAIR!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

NEW! AMAZING! FREE HAIR WAVE KIT!

TERRIFIC VALUE! Only \$3.98

SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL in washable rubber WONDERSKIN with life-like hair and realistic hair-wave kit complete with . . . plastic curlers, . . . rubber waving bands, . . . waving end papers, plastic comb and . . . bottle of doll hair lotion. **ADORABLE SANDY**, 11 inches tall, has sparkling blue eyes that open and close — she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her — move her cuddly arms, legs and head — make her stand, walk and sleep.

complete **RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!**

AMAZING • EXCITING • IT'S TELEVIEW! SUPER DELUXE ELECTRIC TV PROJECTOR

SHOWS REAL FILMS

- A BIG SHOW — "Little Red Riding Hood"
- A REAL PROJECTOR! Bright Red Plastic!
- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate!

Imagine Only **\$2.98** COMPLETE Projector, One Film and Screen

EXTRA FILM 3 FILMS \$1.00 ONLY

SNOW WHITE
THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT
JINGLE BELLS
THREE LITTLE PIGS
JACK AND JILL
RIP VAN WINKLE
YOM THUMB
ROBINSON CRUSOE
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
WINNIE THE POOH

Now any child can show the most exciting movies at home with this streamlined TELEVIEW Projector, complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all!

HAPPY THE COWBOY

- HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids — here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist — in a jiffy! Imagine — you can make **HAPPY THE COWBOY** actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head — watch his lips move — hear your own words coming right out of **HAPPY'S** mouth! See how real he looks — rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants. . . Show off your skill at parties — at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine Only **2.98** Complete

SEND COUPON!

NOVELTY MART, Dept. ZD-2
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

<input type="checkbox"/> Sandy \$3.98	<input type="checkbox"/> HAPPY THE COWBOY \$2.98
<input type="checkbox"/> FISH-BOWL \$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> T. V. Projector \$2.98
	(3 Films \$1.00)

SEND NO MONEY

C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order we pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, Dept. ZD-2 New York 3, N. Y.